Man Overboard, The Real You

This faded picture shows that time has passed by far to fast. I should have known.

Turn up the radio, roll down the windows. Drive me home slow. Where were all the things you stand behind

when you needed someone to stand behind?

I feel like Im done here.

You never failed to glow I never failed to show you say the word and III move faster.

I knew from the get-go you were in it to win it, but now I lay here a loser and no ones winning. And you were never too late, too slow to start, to take advantage of a boy with a broken heart

who kept trying hard.

In reverie I see the real you.

Come home tonight and we can make something out of my life.

Come home tonight. Maybe III find you somewhere.